

ELLEN ADAIR GETS SEAGULL'S GIFT AS SHIP GAINS SPEED

Bit of Seaweed a Token of Happiness to Come. Ocean Liner Makes Stop at Queenstown.

Southampton water on a summer morning and the little waves sparkling in the sun. The sea gulls circled round and round with strange and curious cries, and on the freshness and the utter cleanliness of their snowy wings! Alone I stood upon the steerage deck, and watched the shores of England slow recede. The ocean soon would roll between—and oh! I loved my native land! "Good-bye, good-bye, dear England," I was saying desperately, "and many waters cannot quench eternal love!"

SEA GULL'S GIFT. Down at my feet a little piece of seaweed fluttered from that seabird's beak. No dove branch borne on dove's wings could have brought a kinder message. "It is a token that the floods will pass, and I shall once more know the happiness," I cried, "and many waters cannot quench eternal love!"

STANGE CALL FROM FOG. A curious eerie call responded on a higher key—no ear it sounded that I sharply turned to see if it were love-me, but no! The deck was empty, and the cold gray fog still wrapped us round. The strange calling and answering continued. I watched and waited, then on a sudden started in alarm. For from that mist there soon emerged a shape, a towering awesome shape that rose I think for fifty feet into the sea. I glimpsed a great and silent power—then swathing mist enshrouded all again. Was it a phantom of my stupid brain? I asked. "The Kaiser Wilhelm," said I. "I think," I heard a youthful officer exclaim. "She's a magnificent boat!"

A STOP AT QUEENSTOWN. At length the lateness of the hour compelled me to go down below. But I was loath to leave that perfect world. I thought the happy Mary Stuart, lovely queen, lingered no longer than did I—and saw the shores of her beloved France recede with no more sad "adieu!" I found my sleeping place was shared by five others, and I hastily scrambled into the topmost berth. Upon a veritable Jacob's pillow, my tired head rested, and I believe the dreams of Jacob must have come to me that night.

At Queenstown the next day we passed. The little town lay in its usual position, and oh! the greenness of the Emerald Isle. Waves splashed against the tremendous rock-bound coast, and cautiously we awaited the outgoing tug carrying us to Queenstown, too. I saw a curious sight—four little rowboats moored beside the great Atlantic liner, and from these, weather-beaten Irish peasant women bent on selling Irish lace and fruit at exorbitant prices to the passengers, were used around the waist by great ropes, and slowly hauled for 20 feet aboard our mighty vessel. The first aboard, a big, dark, handsome woman, was a regular mountaineer, for with the agility of a fly on the window pane, she planted large determined feet on the side of the liner and literally walked up! Her landing on the steerage deck was so easily effected, for the two unheeded, freckled Irish boys who manipulated the great rope jerked it suddenly at the end. She shot amongst us head first, feet last. "Ach, Mike, ye tale!" she cried amid her laughter. "The devil take ye for his own!" "This killed I am entirely!"

WOMEN HIGHWAY INSPECTOR HAS INTERESTING PERSONALITY



MRS. EDITH W. PIERCE

Mrs. Edith W. Pierce Extends Her Activities to Looking After Welfare of Those Needing Help.

The personality of Mrs. Edith W. Pierce is an interesting and most attractive one. She is the only woman ever appointed officially as Special Inspector in the Bureau of Highways and Street Cleaning. Her appointment took place in the following way. One day, about three years ago, on arriving at Broad Street Station from New York, she noticed how very dirty the streets were, and wondered if it might not be possible to do something to improve them. She discussed the matter with several persons, and finally talked it over with the Chief of the Bureau of Highways, stating that she would like to be appointed as a Special Inspector of Street Cleaning. This suggestion the chief rather welcomed. A short time later a notice was issued to the effect that a Civil Service examination would be held on a certain date for a woman inspector of Street Cleaning, and that the woman with the highest average would be given the position. The examination was a most difficult one, each applicant having an equal opportunity out of 25 contestants. Mrs. Pierce came out on top with flying colors, and at once received the appointment which, needless to say, she has in every direction filled most capably and efficiently.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

CAN you imagine sunset without pink and rose, without violet and blue? With no softly tinted clouds chasing over the sky and no gorgeous crimson ball dropping lower and lower towards the horizon? Yet in some lands the sun just slips out of sight, without color or glow. Listen to the story of how the beautiful sunsets came to be. Long years ago the sun shone with all his fiery fury through the long day—all the time from sunrise till he dropped out of sight in the west. He thought that was the right way to do, you see. One day two little cloud fairies met each other in the sky. "Isn't the sun a perfectly awful person!" said one. "Oh, no, he isn't awful at all," said the other pleasantly, "he is merely stupid." "Stupid!" exclaimed the first fairy in amazement; "how do you make that out?" The second fairy chuckled softly. "That's easy! He is so very stupid he thinks he has to shine his very hottest and hardest all the day." "Yes, but that proves how powerful he is," said the first fairy. "Not at all," replied the other; "it merely proves he only knows how to do one thing. Now I could make the sun really famous if I had the chance I want." "What's that? What's that?" cried the sun in his gruff, fiery voice. "Who's talking about me?" "I am," replied the fairy bravely. "I was wishing I could make you famous." "Make me famous," cried the sun in disgust. "Don't you know I am famous already?" "Famous as a hot-head, fiery person maybe," replied the fairy, "but I could make you famous for your beauty and softness, your color and glow." "Who cares about such trifles as those?" said the sun heatedly. "I dazzle the world with my fire and light—that is enough." "But he couldn't forget what the fairy had said. He thought of it all the hours. 'Beauty,' she said, 'I wonder what 'beauty' would be like? Would it be as great as strength?' " "You could have both." "Now you have only strength, but I can tell you how to have beauty, too." The hot old sun thought a while, then he said, "Very well, I have tried strength and it is good—give me beauty." So the fairy called her mates and they draped the sun with shimmering clouds. So the fairy called her mates and they draped the sun with shimmering clouds. They tinted the sky as a rainbow. They softened the hot rays to a twilight glow. And the old sun was pleased and happy and thanked the fairies for their toil. So ever since that day the sun shows his strength at noon and his beauty in the evening. And under his strength the trees and flowers grow, and under his beauty people love and are happy—and the old sun is still wondering which is the better. CLARA INGRAM JUDSON. Copyright, 1914—Clara Ingram Judson.



SMART WALKING SUIT OF TWEED OR HOMESPUN

TAILORED SUIT A WELCOME BOON GRANTED BY FASHION

Refreshingly Simple for Outdoor Wear and Designed on Thoroughly Practical Lines.

While fashion may force us to fuss and fume over our town clothes, we can be refreshingly simple in the country, for the walking suit and the sports suit are tailor-made and are designed, first of all, on the most practical lines. The suit in the illustration has several features that are well worth considering for their distinctive cut and style. The length of the coat, for instance, which is long enough for grace and yet short enough to walk in easily. Both tweed and homespun have the advantages of warmth without much weight, and, no doubt, they were woven with this intent. Another point that attracts notice is the high lap, although the lapels are long and low and only two buttons are used to fasten the coat. The belt, which is at the waistline proper, is attached to the coat and is fastened by one of these two buttons. The buttons are used to fasten the sleeves, which are severely plain, without even the cuff, or simulated cuff, which has had a long-continued vogue. The skirt is cut with a flare for easier freedom in walking than the closely gored skirt can give, and, in addition, there are plaits that are attached only to the knee and add several inches to its width. The stitched fold at the bottom of the skirt is a revival of the style that was once used on golf skirts, and, long, long ago, on bicycle skirts. It gives a certain finish to a skirt and at the same time prevents any possibility of its splitting or tearing at the seams. The hat shown in the illustration is severely simple, but the rolling brim keeps it from being hard, while the feather is placed at just the angle that gives it dash. And here, as in so many affairs, it seems to be in so much what one does as how one does it. The difference in the position of the feather is what distinguishes the amateur milliner from the professional, while the latter is born, not made. Although the suit shown is primarily intended for country or mountain resort, unless the signs fail, it will not be long before just such suits will be worn again as street suits in town. For the woman of leisure the plain coat and skirt are not a matter of much importance, but for the business woman the tailor-made suit is a boon, indeed. In fact, it is the only sensible thing that can be worn in an office without getting bedraggled or untidy and in which one can go or come in street cars without appearing overdressed.



MISTER TOAD

You had better go 'way, Mister Toad; Don't stay sitting there in the road. I'm afraid you'll be hurt And be squashed in the dirt When the cart comes along with a load. Now, why do you blink there so sad? You puff out as if you were mad. Look pleasant, please do; I won't bother you. For you eat all the bugs that are bad. Copyright, 1914, Malcolm Sanders Johnston.

UNFORGETTABLE

I never learned the wonder of that lane Drenched with the summer rain, Where through my boyish feet were wont to pass. Until I left for the passionate town, Marble and iron and brass. Filled with all laughter; yes, and filled, alas, With life's immortal pain. Then I beheld its magic. Then I knew How every roselush green, How every leaf locked in the wind-blown noon. Far, far away I saw it beneath the moon On moonless nights of June. When the untarnished silver of the sky Poured through the boughs, And two young lovers whispered deathless vows. And then I heard Each song-enraptured bird Pipe his mad music as we wandered by. I breathed the fragrance of the hawthorn flowers, And lay my head upon Night's pillow; My fevered body where the blossoms sway. Against the velvet curtains of the dark, I shall see glowworms light their little spark. In the hushed evening; hear the cricket's croon, And marvel at the moon. —Charles Hanson Towne.

AMERICAN WOMAN FORCED TO WATER GERMAN'S HORSES

Civil War Veteran and Niece Have Trying Experience. PARIS, Sept. 18. Trying experiences befell Major Edwin Jacob Stivers, U. S. A., retired, and his niece, Miss Stivers, who were caught in the line of battle at Vaumoose, a little village about 45 miles northeast of Paris. The American Ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, learned of the major's situation and sent Lieutenant Edwin St. John Grebel, Jr., one of the young army officers attached to the embassy, in an automobile to bring the major and his niece to Paris. Lieutenant Grebel found the American, who is in his 58th year, broken in health. The major said the British troops had been in the village August 23 and 24 and the Germans from September 1 to 10. There had been a good deal of shooting around his cottage. He pointed a small American flag on a piece of board, which he nailed to the outside, and this was usually respected. Miss Stivers, however, was made to do all kinds of work for the German soldiers, such as serving them at table, making tea and watering their horses. All their food was taken except potatoes, and on them alone they lived for several days. Some of the last Germans to pass through, Major Stivers said, declared they had not seen anything to eat for three days. He said he saw them eat raw potatoes and carrots. As all means of communications with Paris had been cut, Major Stivers was unable to send word to Ambassador Herrick. Tears came into his eyes when he saw the automobile on which was painted "In the service of the Ambassador of the United States." Within an hour he and his niece and a pet bird were on their way to Paris. Major Stivers was born in Brooklyn, O., and distinguished himself in the Civil War. He was mentioned by General Rosecrans for conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga. His home recently has been in Paris.

DUCHESS AND HER RED CROSS WORKERS SAIL FOR ENGLAND

Leave the Netherlands After Working Under Fire at Namur. THE HAGUE, Sept. 19.—Milliecent, Duchess of Sutherland and her Red Cross workers left for England by way of Flushing yesterday. The party had an adventurous experience during the bombardment of Namur, working in a hospital established in a convent and nursing 150 Belgian, 45 French and 5 German wounded. After the Germans captured Namur, the Belgian and French patients were removed as prisoners of war, although their condition was such that they should not have been moved, according to members of the party. The Germans took over the care of their own wounded. Several shells exploded in the convent yard and the house in which the nurses were quartered was burned down. The party went from Namur to Brussels, where they were placed under the control of the German military authorities. Thanks to the intervention of Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, they were permitted to leave for the Netherlands.

PRINCE OF WALES IS TOLD HE MUST REMAIN AT HOME

Lord Kitchener Refuses His Pleading to Go to Front. LONDON, Sept. 19.—The Prince of Wales pleaded today with Lord Kitchener to allow him to proceed to the front, but Lord Kitchener, it is officially announced, had to refuse the Prince's request, saying that as the help apparent had not completed his military training it was undesirable that he should at present proceed to active service. MISS ADAMS TO SPEAK. Miss Lida Stokes Adams, vice chairman of the Woman Suffrage party of Philadelphia and vice president of the Woman Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania, will address the Ethical Culture Society of Canton, Pa., tomorrow night on woman suffrage. DANCING. MARTEL'S, 1710 N. BROAD. Popular Saturday Dance Tonight. LATEST DANCES. ORCHESTRA. Social Every Friday Evening. PRIVATE LESSONS DAILY—Call or "Phone

WOMAN OF TITLE EARNS LIVING BEHIND THE COUNTER

Divorced Wife of Lord Affleck Employed in London Store. Lord Affleck, who has divorced his wife, Mrs. Robert Affleck, had an interesting experience after parting with her. She decided that her financial position compelled her at once to seek a living, and, being a sensible woman with very little shyness about her, she sought a position in a large English department store. Her attractions, personality, knowledge of foreign languages and other excellent qualifications quickly enabled her to find an admirable position. For she became second saleswoman in the costume department of one of the largest establishments in Oxford street, London, and, under the name of "Madame Julie," soon made a great reputation as a splendid business woman. "I had some rather amusing experiences," says she. "One day I had just concluded a sale in French with a Parisian customer, and as I turned away another customer patronizingly remarked, 'How well educated you shopgirls are nowadays! Do you attend evening classes?'" FINDS ENCKE'S COMET AGAIN. WILLIAMS BAY, Wis., Sept. 19.—Encke's comet has been rediscovered by Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, on photographs he announced yesterday. The comet's position was right ascension 5 hours 43 minutes 49 seconds, declination north 37 degrees 45 minutes.

SUFFRAGISTS PLAN MEETING

County Convention to be Held at New Century Club. A county convention of the Woman Suffrage party will be held in this city at the New Century Club at Thirtieth street in October. Plans for the event now are being made under the direction of Miss Lida Stokes Adams, the vice chairman. District leaders and organizers from surrounding counties will participate. Plans also are being made for the week preceding the convention, and the party is preparing for a bazaar and banquet at the New Century Club at Christmas. The bazaar will be open afternoon and evening, and an admission fee will be charged for the dances. All the money received from sales above expenses will be given to the state for its work in the coming year.

Burnwell Coal

Our BURNWELL is no fiction, but a grade that does indeed burn extremely well and produces the best results in heat and economy. E. J. Cummings 4 Yards: Main Office, 413 N. 13th St.

Ask the Woman who wears a Grossman Suit. GROSSMAN'S FALL OPENING. In our spacious new quarters you will find the charming Grossman Suits for Autumn. We invite you to see—and select. Grossman Suits this season will be more perfect in style, design and fit than ever before. All our imported cloths arrived before the war. And Mr. G. Grossman, a master-tailor and master-designer, is now with us as head-fitter. As a special introduction to our new quarters and an inducement to have you come and see us here, we offer Suits or Top Coat made of Imported fabric—\$30 to \$40 for \$15 and \$20. We guarantee all garments to be perfect in fit and to give entire satisfaction. GROSSMAN THE LADIES' TAILOR 1307-9-11 Market Street ELEVATOR ENTRANCE—1307

Good Suggestions for Home Building. If you are building a home, putting up an apartment house, erecting a bungalow or cottage, laying out a country place, improving your grounds, or remodeling, enlarging or redecorating, you'll get many a practical hint from "Indoors and Out". This beautiful and instructive magazine will be issued as a special supplement to the Public Ledger on Tuesday, September 22d. It contains sixteen pages of sound advice to every kind of property owner and prospective builder, printed on fine coated paper and well illustrated with photographs, plans and drawings. The data for every article has been obtained from prominent architects, contractors, interior decorators and gardeners. To get this big, free supplement, place your order today for next Tuesday's PUBLIC LEDGER